GOLD KEY

TWILIGHT ZONE

NOW ONLY 12¢

ROD SERLING

10016-305
MAY

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

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A scientist is lured to his doom by a centuries-old Egyptian painting!

KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

ROADS and VEHICLES

NUMBER 3

PRIMITIVE TRANSPORTATION

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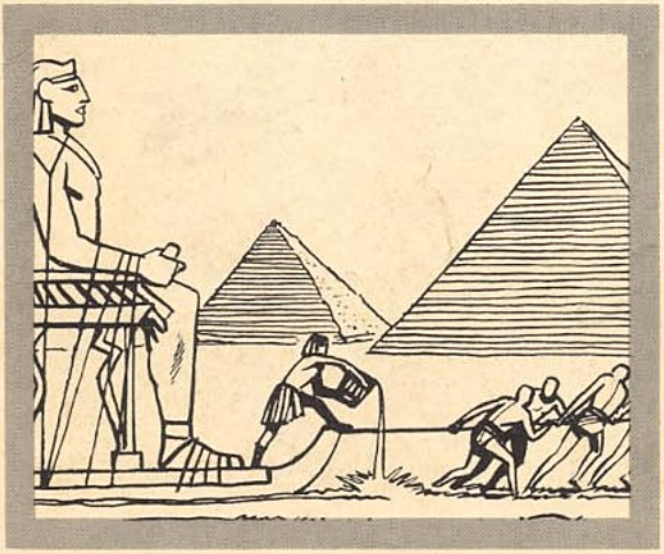
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.

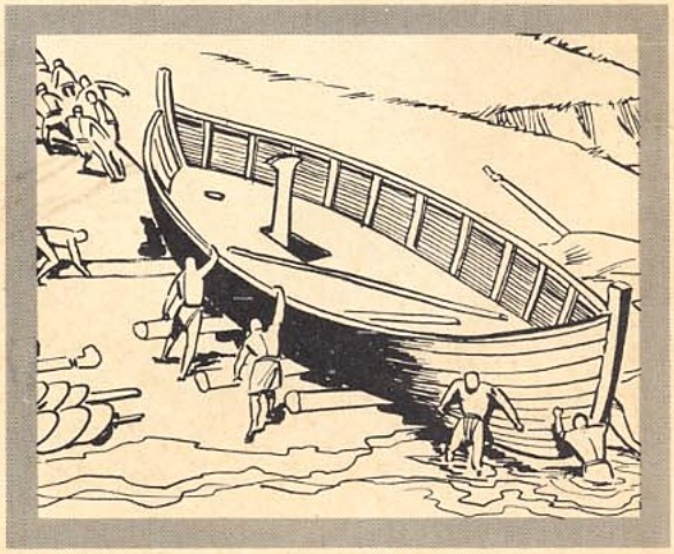
Man was probably the first beast of burden. He carried his loads on his back or tied them to tent poles, dragging them along.

Later, man learned to use animals to move his burdens. Dogs and horses were harnessed to drag a loaded pole frame called a Travois.

Early man used a sledge to move heavy stones. It took beasts of great strength to move such loads against the forces of gravity and friction.



Sledges were used by the ancient Egyptians when they moved their huge stone statues. Water was used to lubricate the runners.



Soon it was discovered that great weights could be moved far more easily when mounted on log rollers. The wheel was yet to come.

TWILIGHT ZONE The LAST BATTLE

IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO GET HELP FOR HIS ENTRAPPED COMPANY, PFC GEORGE ROGERS IS ABOUT TO BECOME PART OF THE STRANGEST RESCUE MISSION OF WORLD WAR II.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.
THE TWILIGHT ZONE, No. 3, May, 1963. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York, in cooperation with Golden Press, Inc. Application for second-class entry pending at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year; Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1963, by Cayuga Productions, Inc.

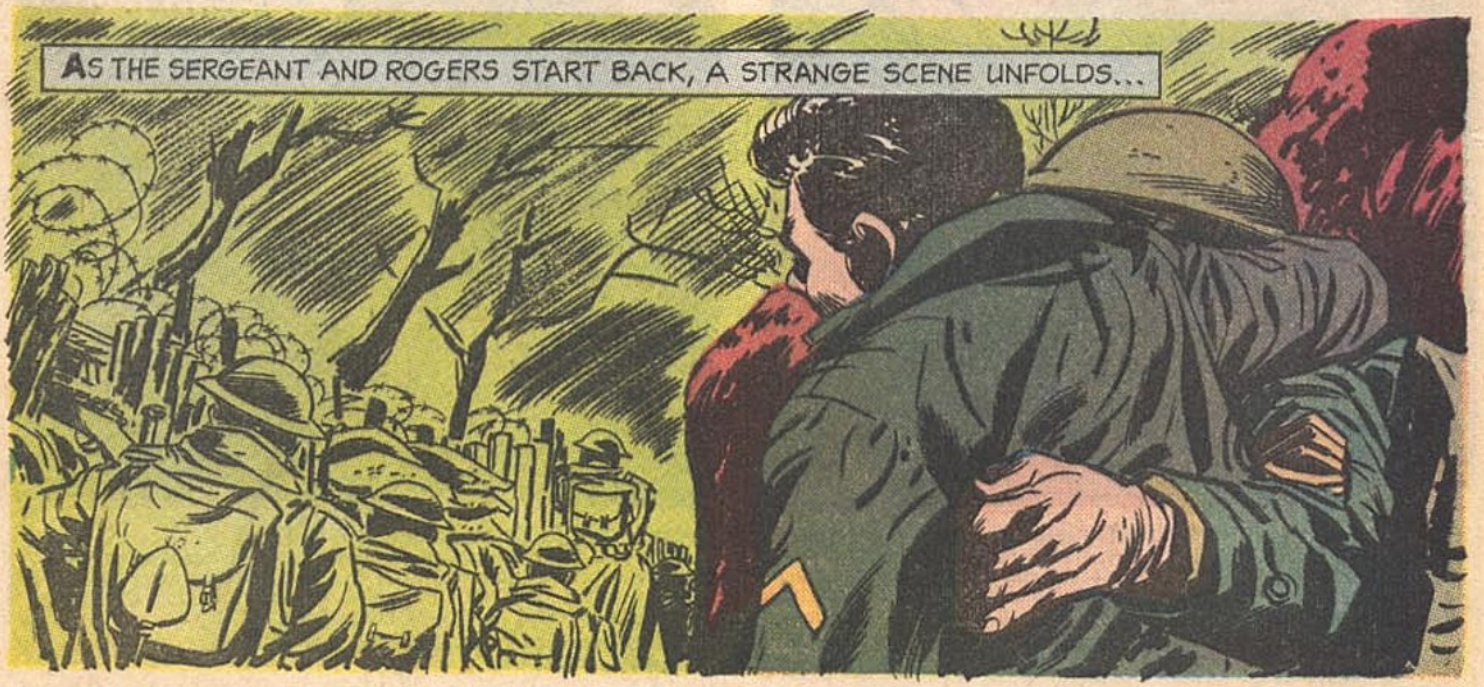
CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU?

FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A BOCHE SPY! BUT NEVER MIND, YOU'RE WITH FRIENDS NOW!

DOESN'T LOOK BAD! I'LL GET YOU TO A FIRST-AID MAN!

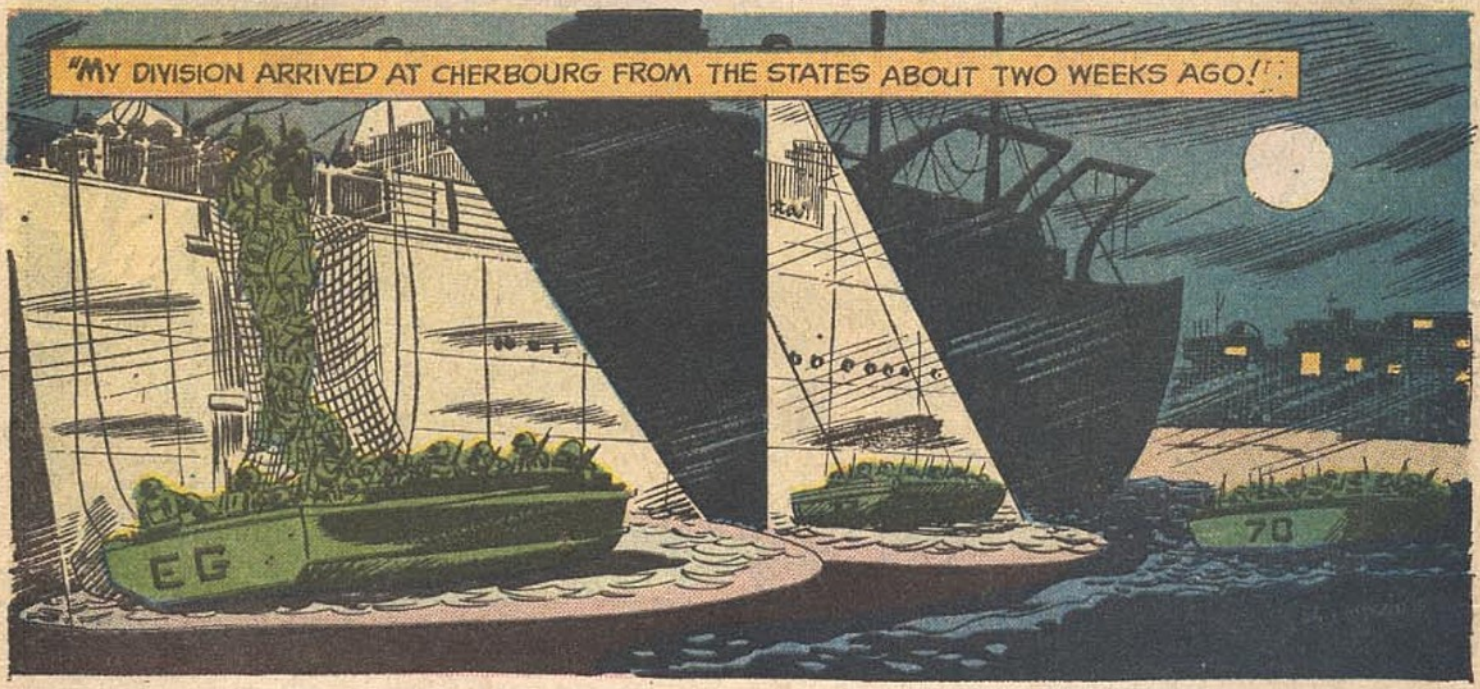
I NEVER SAW YOUR TYPE OF UNIFORM BEFORE. ARE YOU IN SOME KIND OF SPECIAL TROOPS?
SPECIAL TROOPS? YES, YOU MIGHT CALL MY OUTFIT SOMETHING SPECIAL!


AS THE SERGEANT AND ROGERS START BACK, A STRANGE SCENE UNFOLDS...

WHO HAVE YOU GOT THERE, SARGE?
ONE OF OUR BOYS!-- MUST HAVE GOTTEN SEPARATED FROM HIS OUTFIT!
GO ON IN!
WHO IS THIS, SERGEANT?
I FOUND HIM LYING IN A TRENCH, SIR! HE'S BEEN SHAKEN UP A LITTLE!
PFC GEORGE ROGERS, "A" COMPANY, SIR!
AT EASE, ROGERS!

LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD A ROUGH TIME! SIT HERE AND TELL ME ABOUT IT WHILE THE CORPSMAN FIXES THAT WOUND!

WHY AREN'T YOU WITH YOUR OUTFIT? DID YOU DESERT?
NO, SIR! IT HAPPENED THIS WAY!


"MY DIVISION ARRIVED AT CHERBOURG FROM THE STATES ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO!"
EG
70

"AFTER LANDING, WE WERE TRUCKED TO BELGIUM IMMEDIATELY...

"... AND ORDERED TO RELIEVE A FRONTLINE UNIT IN THE ARDENNES FOREST! MY COMPANY WAS THE FIRST ONE TO MOVE UP!

"WE GOT TO OUR POSITIONS EARLY ON THE MORNING OF DEC. 16 AND STARTED DIGGING IN NEAR A SMALL FARMHOUSE! IT WAS VERY COLD AND FOGGY!".

HEY, SARGE! THIS GROUND IS LIKE ROCK! WE CAN'T DIG WITH THESE LITTLE SHOVELS!
STOP GOOFING OFF! YOU'D BETTER DIG IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE!

"THEN SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, A GROUP OF GERMAN TANKS ROLLED OUT OF THE FOG, SHOT UP OUR POSITION AND RUMBLED BY US TOWARDS THE REAR!

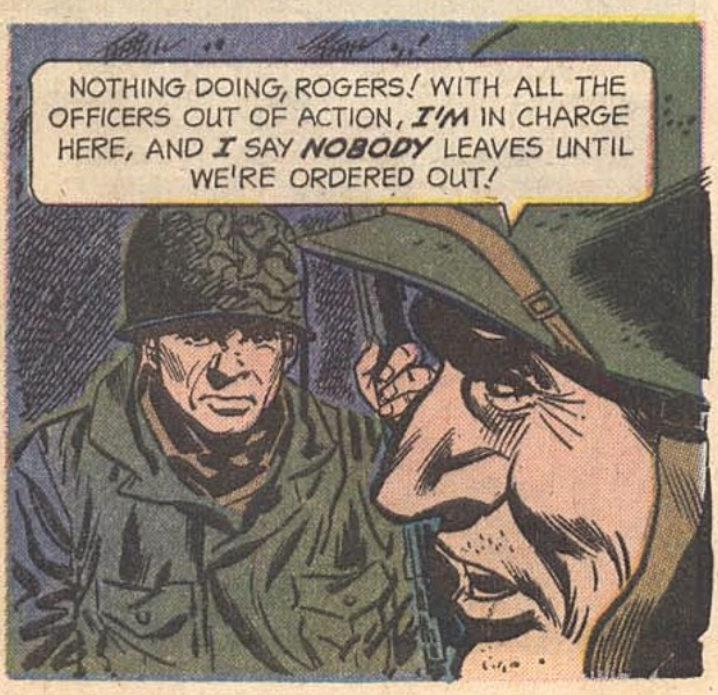
"THOSE OF US WHO COULD MAKE IT GOT BACK TO THE FARMHOUSE!"
EVERYBODY INSIDE! QUICK!

"LATER THAT DAY, GERMAN INFANTRY ATTACKED! BUT WE FOUGHT THEM OFF!

"WE TRIED TO CONTACT HEADQUARTERS, BUT NO ONE ANSWERED..."
IT'S NO USE, SERGEANT! EITHER THE RADIO IS DEAD OR HEADQUARTERS HAS BEEN WIPED OUT!

"THEN, THE GERMAN ARTILLERY BEGAN SHELLING US, TRYING TO DRIVE US OUT OF THE FARMHOUSE! -

"IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY'D SUCCEED, SO I DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING!"
HEY, SERGEANT! I'LL SNEAK OUT AS SOON AS IT'S DARK! MAYBE I CAN FIND ONE OF OUR OTHER COMPANIES AND GET HELP!


NOTHING DOING, ROGERS! WITH ALL THE OFFICERS OUT OF ACTION, I'M IN CHARGE HERE, AND I SAY NOBODY LEAVES UNTIL WE'RE ORDERED OUT!

"BUT THAT NIGHT, I SLIPPED AWAY!"
COME BACK OR I'LL HAVE YOU COURT-MARTIALLED FOR DESERTION!

"THE WOODS WERE FULL OF GERMAN PATROLS, BUT I MANAGED TO ELUDE THEM!

"THE NEXT MORNING, THE FOG DISAPPEARED AS I STEPPED OUT OF THE WOODS INTO AN OPEN FIELD! THERE WAS NO ONE AROUND, AND I WAS COMPLETELY LOST!

"THAT'S WHEN I WAS CAUGHT IN A BARRAGE AND KNOCKED OUT!"

LUCKY FOR US YOU STUMBLED INTO OUR SECTOR! NOW YOU CAN SHOW US WHERE THE FIGHTING IS!

I HAVE THE STRANGEST FEELING ABOUT ALL THIS, CAPTAIN! ALMOST LIKE A DREAM! YOUR UNIFORMS AND GEAR LOOK SO OLD!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, SON! WE'VE BEEN OUT OF CONTACT FOR A LONG TIME, BUT WE'RE STILL A CRACK FIGHTING OUTFIT!

SERGEANT, OUTFIT THIS MAN WITH A HELMET, OVERCOAT AND RIFLE! AND ALERT THE TROOPS! WE'RE MOVING OUT IN TEN MINUTES!
YES, SIR!
LOOK ALIVE! WE JUMP OFF IN TEN MINUTES!
FIX BAYONETS!
YOU HEAR THAT, CHARLIE?
YEAH! I THOUGHT WE'D BE STUCK HERE FOREVER!
MAYBE AFTER THIS, WE CAN GO TO THE REST AREA!
THINK YOU CAN FIND YOUR WAY BACK?
YES, SIR! I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
ALL RIGHT, MEN! HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO SETTLE AN OLD SCORE WITH THE BOCHE! LET'S DO THE JOB RIGHT THIS TIME!

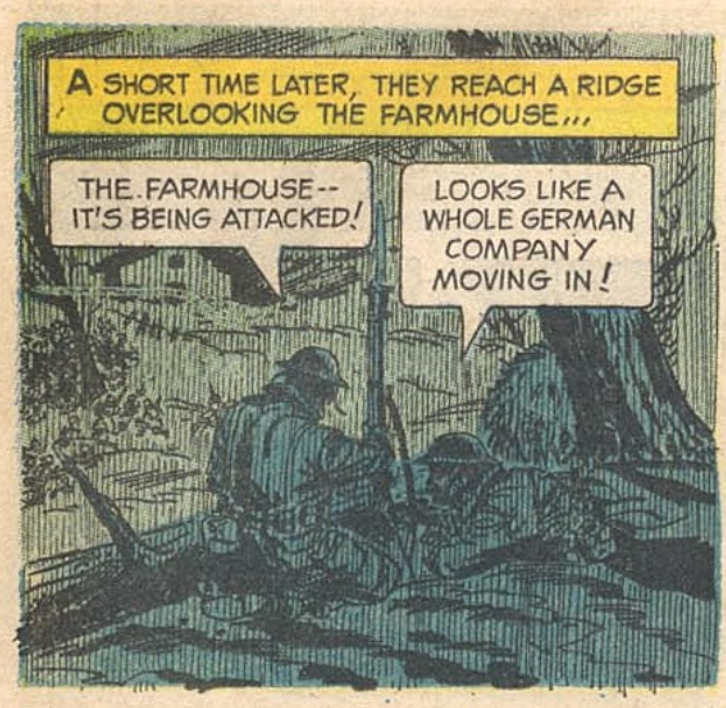
FOLLOW ME!

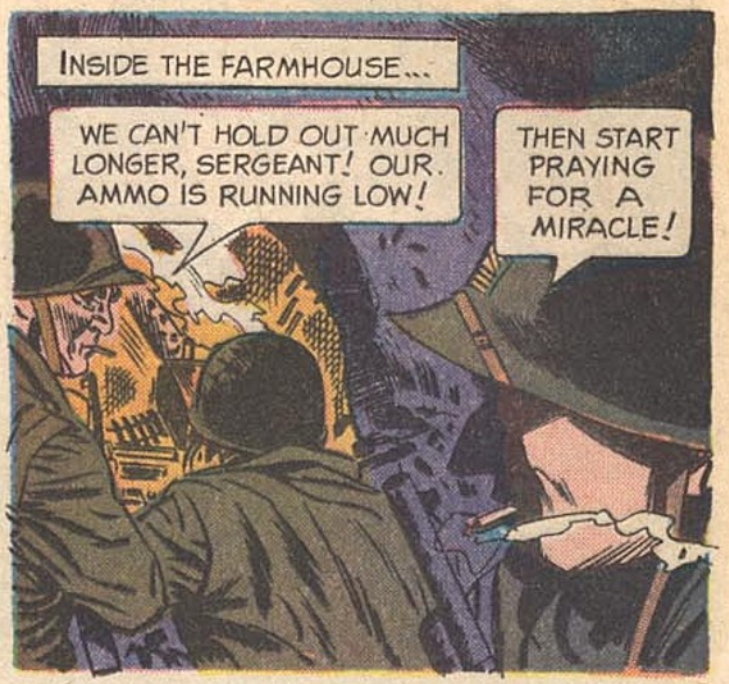
WHEN THEY REACH THE WOODS, THE FOG CLOSES IN AROUND THEM...
THIS FOG MAKES IT HARD TO SEE! WHERE ARE YOUR MEN, CAPTAIN?
DON'T WORRY! THEY'RE ALL AROUND US!

JUST THEN, A GERMAN PATROL APPEARS...
HALTE! HANDE HOCH!

WHILE THE GERMANS CONCENTRATE ON THEIR PRISONERS, SILENT FIGURES SURROUND THEM FROM THE MIST--

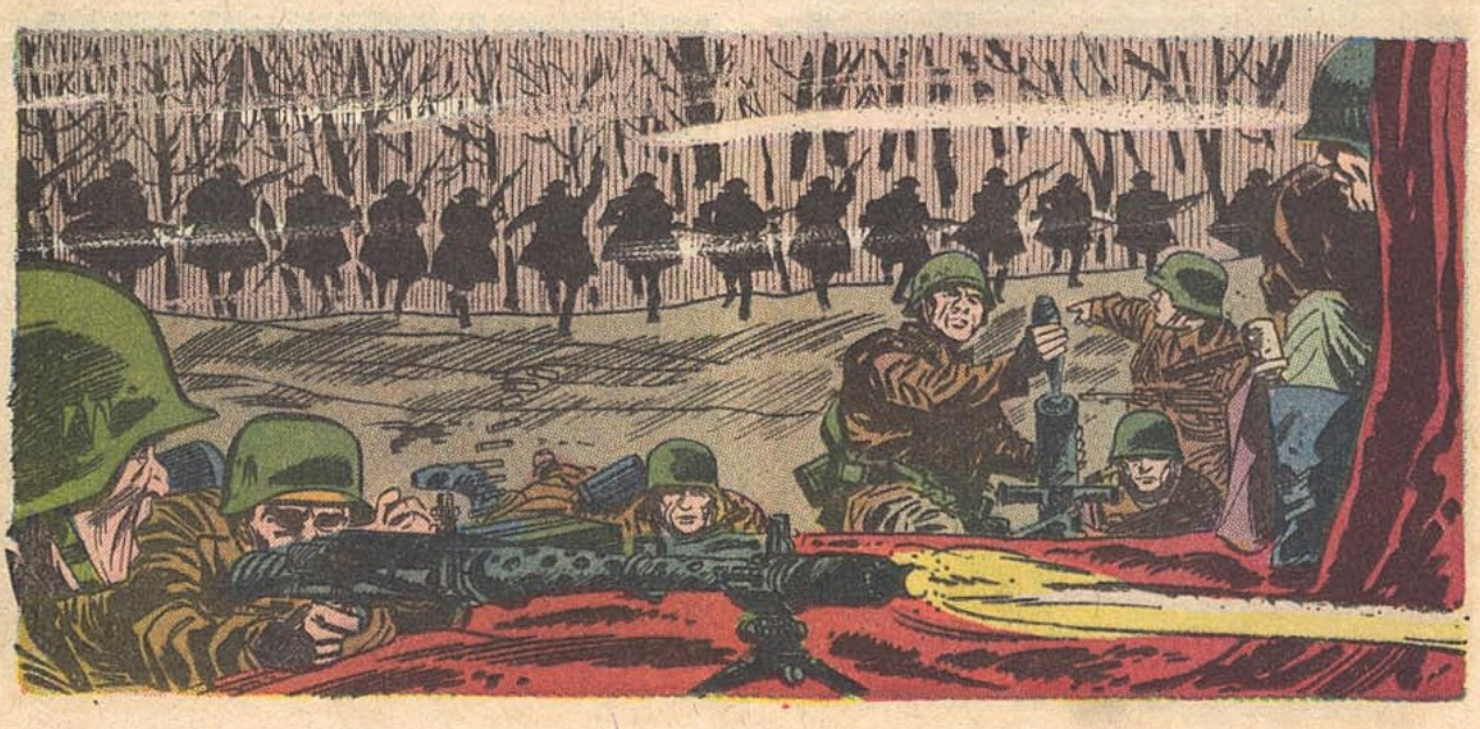
GOOD WORK, MEN! TAKE THE PRISONERS TO THE REAR!

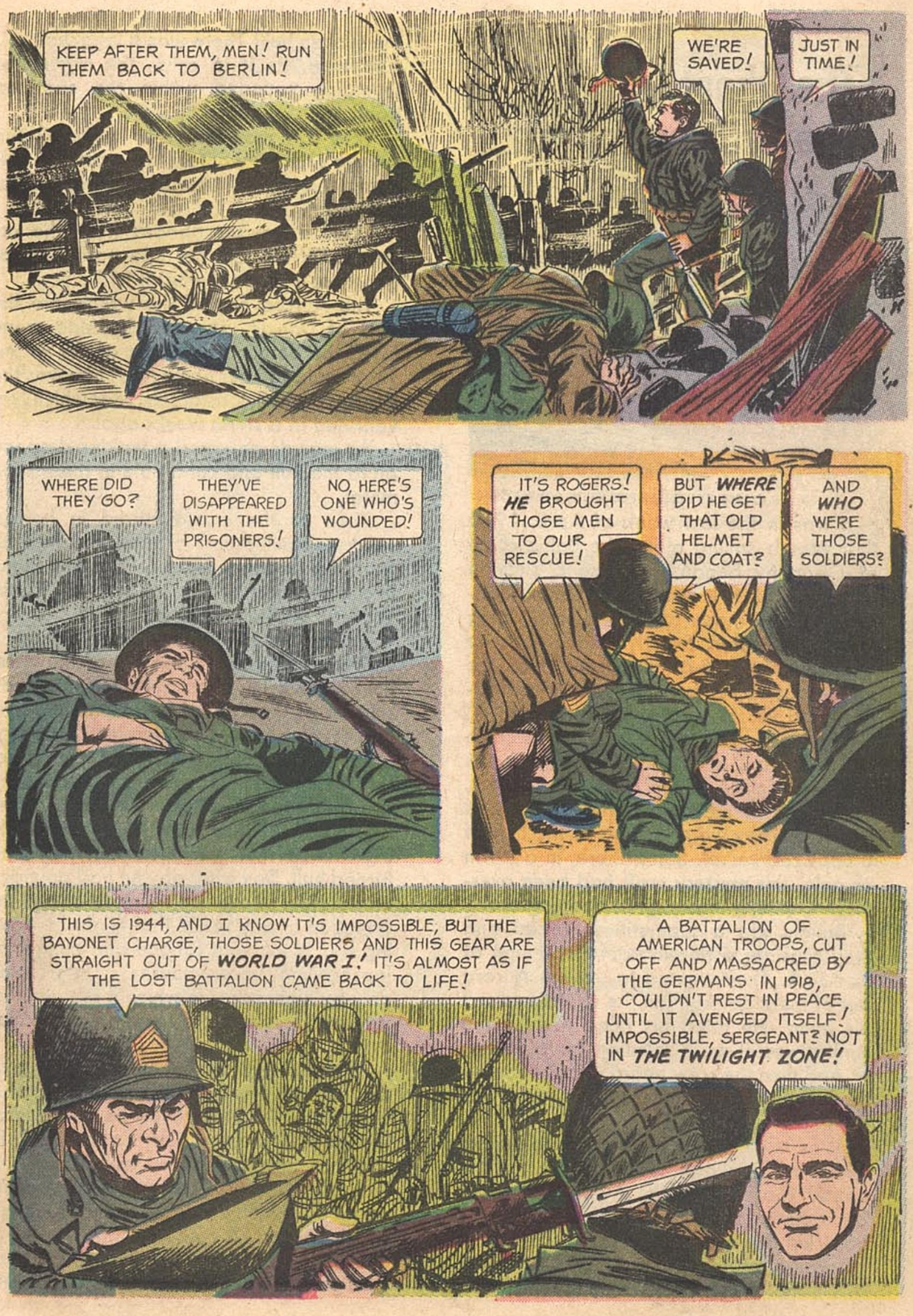

A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY REACH A RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE FARMHOUSE...
THE FARMHOUSE-- IT'S BEING ATTACKED!
LOOKS LIKE A WHOLE GERMAN COMPANY MOVING IN!


INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE...
WE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER, SERGEANT! OUR AMMO IS RUNNING LOW!
THEN START PRAYING FOR A MIRACLE!

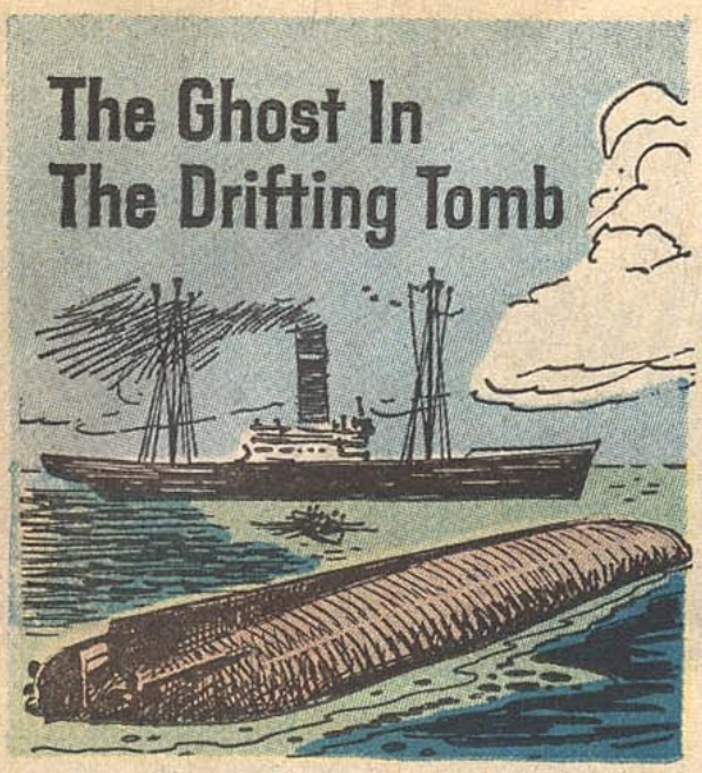
THIS IS IT, MEN! LET'S SURPRISE THE BOCHE AND GIVE THEM A TASTE OF STEEL!

LOOK, SERGEANT, WE'RE SAVED! HELP IS HERE!
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! AN OLD-FASHIONED BAYONET CHARGE!




KEEP AFTER THEM, MEN! RUN THEM BACK TO BERLIN!
WE'RE SAVED!
JUST IN TIME!
WHERE DID THEY GO?
THEY'VE DISAPPEARED WITH THE PRISONERS!
NO, HERE'S ONE WHO'S WOUNDED!
IT'S ROGERS! HE BROUGHT THOSE MEN TO OUR RESCUE!
BUT WHERE DID HE GET THAT OLD HELMET AND COAT?
AND WHO WERE THOSE SOLDIERS?
THIS IS 1944, AND I KNOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, BUT THE BAYONET CHARGE, THOSE SOLDIERS AND THIS GEAR ARE STRAIGHT OUT OF WORLD WAR I! IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE LOST BATTALION CAME BACK TO LIFE!
A BATTALION OF AMERICAN TROOPS, CUT OFF AND MASSACRED BY THE GERMANS IN 1918, COULDN'T REST IN PEACE UNTIL IT AVENGED ITSELF! IMPOSSIBLE, SERGEANT? NOT IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE!

The Ghost In The Drifting Tomb



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It was in the last week of April, 1910 that vessels sailing along the Baltic coast of Germany began to notice a strange floating object. It seemed to be an elongated shape made of riveted steel riding low in the water. Exactly what it was no one could say. But all agreed that the mysterious object was a danger to navigation, and vessels kept their distance.

Then one day the Aurora, a Swedish sailing vessel, decided to investigate. As they drew close to the mysterious object, the sailors of the Aurora felt their blood run cold. They were looking at the hull of a capsized vessel. Somewhere, in a storm or gale, this mystery craft had been overturned, casting its crew into a raging sea!

Sailors are a superstitious breed and they consider a floating derelict a sign of bad luck. They wanted to get the Aurora out of there quickly! But the captain raised his hand. He tilted his head toward the sunken vessel as if listening for a sound.

And then the crew heard it too! A metallic thumping as if some unseen force was pounding on the hull!

Was it the ghost of one of the sailors who had drowned when the boat capsized? The crew of the Aurora stared at each other fearfully. But the captain was unafraid. He ordered a small boat to pull alongside of the derelict. With a metal gaff, one of the boat's crew pounded on the sunken hull! There was a long wait . . . And then, as if in echo, the mysterious thumping sounded within the capsized boat.

Was it a man inside or a ghost? The Aurora's men wanted no part of this strange vessel. But the captain was a stubborn man.

"Get a hawser aboard her!" he ordered. "We'll tow her into port! Man or ghost we'll find out what it is!"

The Aurora hauled the wreck into the port of Danzig. There a dockside crane lifted the derelict partly out of the water. They could see her name now! She was the Erndte, a small coastal schooner which had vanished in a storm weeks ago!

As crowds gathered a welder dropped on to the hull and cut a hole in the rusting metal.

Then as the crowd stared in horror-stricken fascination, a hand reached up from the darkness below. Pale and claw-like it grasped at the sun's rays! "Food! Water!" said a croaking voice.

Within moments they were lifting a shrivelled wax-like figure out of the derelict . . . the living ghost of Hans Engellandt, skipper of the Erndte! In a mumbling hysterical voice he told his blood-chilling story.

He had been trapped below when a violent storm had capsized his vessel and drowned the rest of the crew. For two long weeks he had lived in the darkness breathing the air that was sealed in the overturned hull. Day after day he had pounded on the steel above him trying to attract the attention of any vessel that might be passing by. Weak with fatigue and hunger he lapsed into unconsciousness, interrupted only by nightmares in which it seemed that passing vessels ignored his cries and sailed on!

When at last he heard a pounding on the hull he was sure it was just another nightmare. Yet instinctively he pounded on the steel in answer. Then, exhausted, he fell into unconsciousness once more. He was still unconscious when the welder opened the hull. It was the flood of sunlight which opened his eyes.

The ghost of Hans Engellandt had been brought back to life from its floating tomb.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

HARD-DRIVING J. B. GRUNCH, PRESIDENT OF GRUNCH PRODUCTS, KEEPS AFTER HIS EMPLOYEES LIKE A HAWK. BUT SOMETIMES EVEN A HAWK WILL FIND ITSELF IN TROUBLE WHEN, AS IN THE OLD ADAGE, "BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER."

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J. B. GRUNCH
PRESIDENT

I HAVE A HUNCH SOMEONE HAS BEEN LURING THOSE BLASTED PIGEONS HERE WITH FOOD JUST TO ANNOY ME. WELL, I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT! TAKE THIS MEMO AND POST IT!
YES, SIR!
Anyone caught feeding pigeons on the window ledges will be fired.
J.B. Grunch
Off
SAY, CHARLIE, DID YOU SEE THE LATEST BLAST ON THE BULLETIN BOARD?
THE BOSS HAS CERTAINLY GOT HIS FEATHERS RUFFLED ABOUT A FEW HARMLESS BIRDS.
IMAGINE ANYONE GETTING SO ANNOYED OVER SOME PIGEONS!
I THINK THEY'RE CUTE!
FROM ALL THE WHISPERING THAT'S GOING ON, I GATHER YOU'VE SEEN MY MEMO. WELL, REMEMBER IT! NOW GET BACK TO WORK!

THE NEXT MORNING...
I GOT HERE EXTRA EARLY JUST TO FEED YOU. HURRY AND FINISH YOUR BREAK-FAST BEFORE MR. GRUNCH ARRIVES.

AHA! CAUGHT YOU IN THE ACT! I'M GLAD I CAME IN EARLY TODAY!

MR. GRUNCH! PLEASE LET ME EXPLAIN...

EXPLAIN? DON'T BOTHER, MISS TWILBY. FIRST I'LL GET RID OF THEM. THEN I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU!

GET OFF MY WINDOW LEDGE, YOU MANGY CREATURES!

DON'T, MR. GRUNCH! YOU'RE FRIGHTENING THE POOR THINGS!
I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT IF I CATCH THEM HERE AGAIN!

JUST A MINUTE, MISS TWILBY! I MEANT WHAT I SAID IN THAT MEMO. I'M GIVING YOU TWO WEEKS NOTICE!

IF YOU'D ONLY LET ME EXPLAIN...
WON'T DO ANY GOOD, YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD SECRETARY, BUT YOU DISOBEYED MY ORDER! I CAN'T MAKE AN EXCEPTION, EVEN FOR YOU...

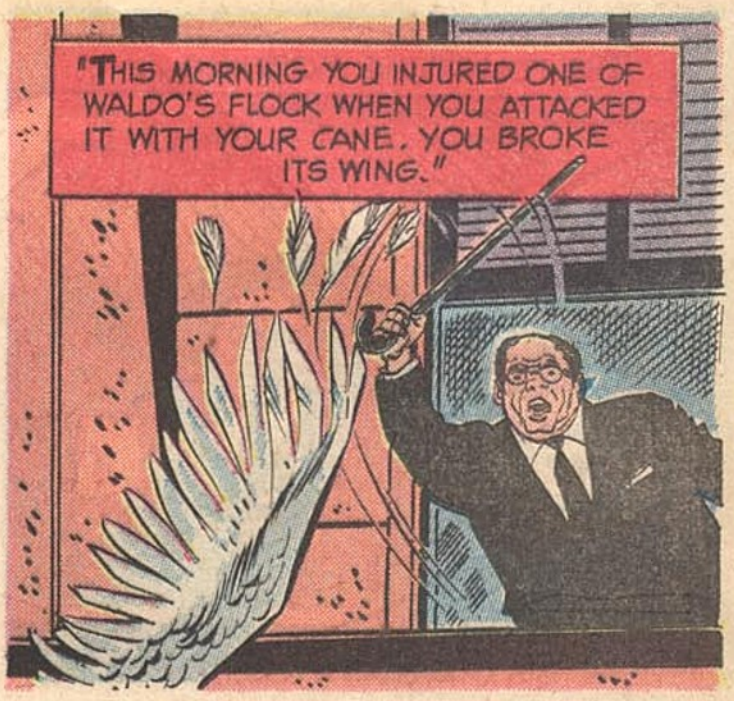
BY THE WAY, WORK HAS PILED UP, SO YOU AND I HAVE TO STAY LATE TONIGHT. DOES THAT UPSET ANY PLAN OF YOURS?

J.B. GRUNCH
PRESIDENT
NO, MR. GRUNCH.
THAT WILL BE PERFECT FOR ME -- JUST PERFECT!

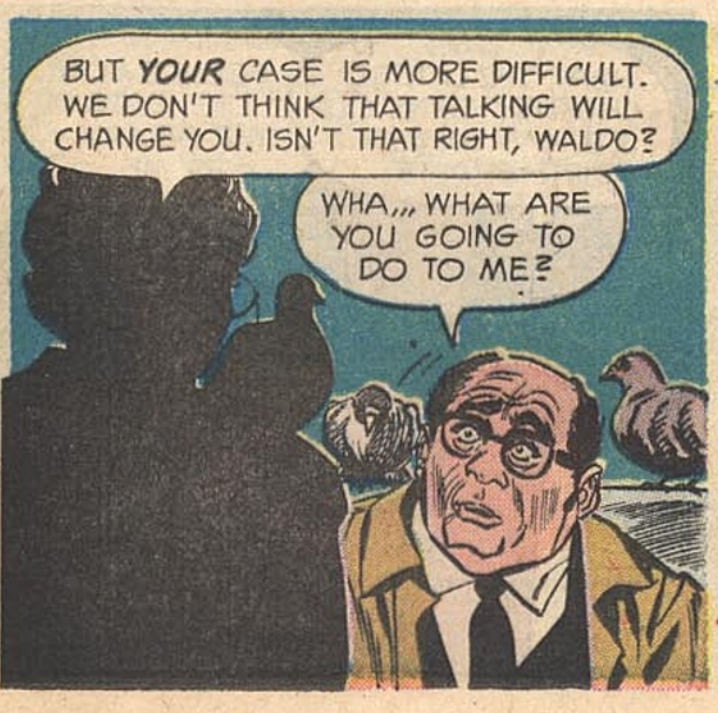
THAT EVENING, MR. GRUNCH RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE.
I WONDER WHERE MISS TWILBY IS? I TOLD HER TO GET RIGHT BACK HERE AFTER DINNER. GUESS I'D BETTER START WITHOUT HER.
FUNNY THAT THE LIGHTS ARE OUT IN HERE. I REMEMBER LEAVING THEM ON!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
DON'T BE ALARMED, MR. GRUNCH. COME RIGHT IN. NOW OUR MEETING CAN BEGIN.

SHOO! SCAT! MISS TWILBY, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?
IT'S VERY SIMPLE, MR. GRUNCH. THESE BIRDS ARE MY FRIENDS, AND I AM THEIR SPOKESMAN IN THE WORLD OF HUMANS!
YOU HAVE BEEN VERY CRUEL TO MY FRIENDS AND MYSELF. WE GATHERED HERE TO MAKE CERTAIN IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!
THIS IS CRAZY! I'M GOING HOME, AND I ADVISE YOU TO DO THE SAME BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE!
I WARN YOU, MR. GRUNCH! DON'T TRY TO LEAVE YET!
NONSENSE! YOU CAN'T KEEP ME HERE!
HELP! I CAN'T SEE! I CAN'T MOVE!
COOOOOO!

THAT'S BETTER, MR. GRUNCH! WE HAVE NO DESIRE TO HARM YOU, BUT WE *INSIST* THAT YOU LISTEN!


"THIS MORNING YOU INJURED ONE OF WALDO'S FLOCK WHEN YOU ATTACKED IT WITH YOUR CANE. YOU BROKE ITS WING."

"IN CASES OF MINOR CRUELTY, WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO CONVERT THE OFFENDERS INTO PIGEON-LOVERS JUST BY *TALKING* TO THEM."


BUT *YOUR* CASE IS MORE DIFFICULT. WE DON'T THINK THAT TALKING WILL CHANGE YOU. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, WALDO?
WHA,,, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MR. GRUNCH. IT WILL BE PAINLESS. WE JUST WANT TO MAKE *CERTAIN* THAT YOU NEVER HARM A PIGEON AGAIN!

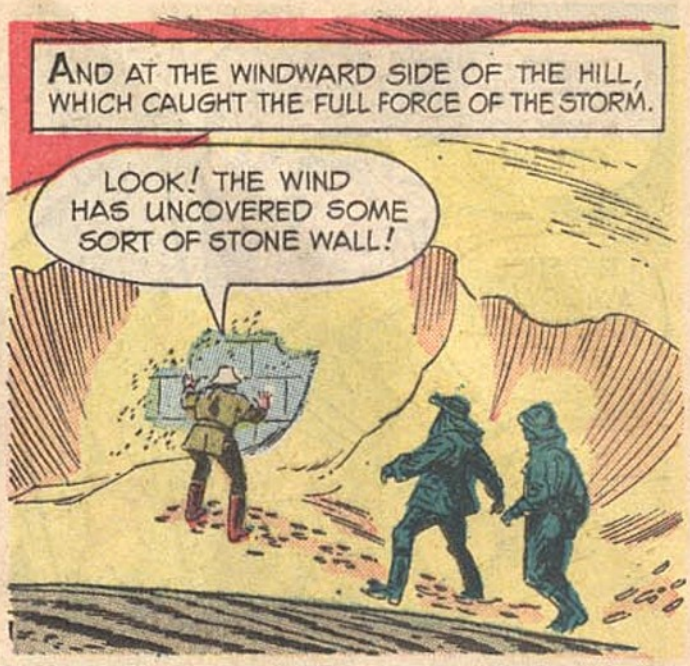
THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
COME AND GET IT, FELLOWS!
I HOPE THIS BREAKFAST IS SATISFACTORY, WALDO!
COO, COO, COO!
GOOD MORNING, MR. GRUNCH! MISS TWILBY WASN'T AT HER DESK, SO I BROUGHT THE MAIL TO YOU!
EH? WHAT? OH, YES, JUST LEAVE IT THERE!
AND NEXT TIME, KNOCK!
SOON, THE ENTIRE OFFICE HEARS THE NEWS...
...AND SO HELP ME IF HE DIDN'T CALL ONE OF THEM BY NAME. IT SOUNDED LIKE WALTER.
I STILL THINK PIGEONS ARE CUTE.
HEAR THE LATEST, CHARLIE? THINK OLD J.B. HAS TURNED BIRD-BRAIN?
SOUNDS MORE LIKE BATS IN THE BELFRY TO ME.

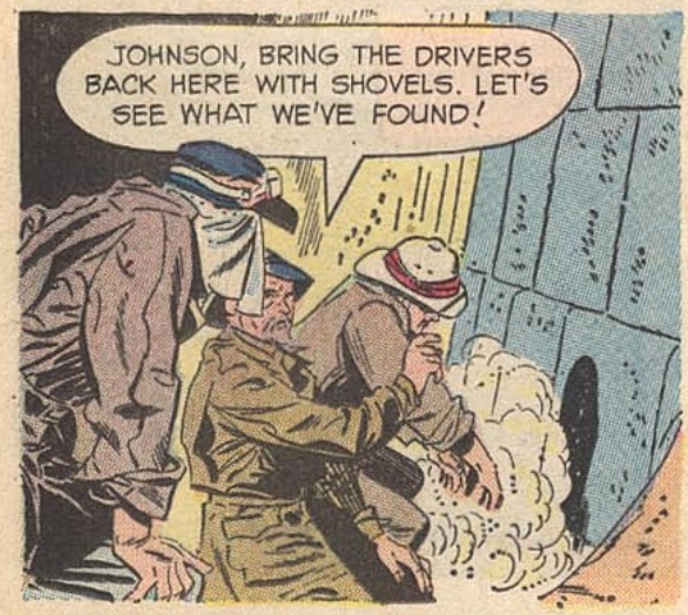
IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK, MR. GRUNCH. TIME FOR YOUR LESSON. YOU CAN FINISH THAT TOMORROW.
ALL RIGHT, MISS TWILBY. I'LL BE READY IN A MINUTE.
I WANTED TO TALK TO MISS TWILBY ABOUT SOMETHING, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S LEFT.
FUNNY, SHE DIDN'T COME OUT THIS WAY!
LISTEN TO THIS. THE INTERCOM MUST HAVE BEEN LEFT OPEN ACCIDENTALLY.
IT SOUNDS LIKE COOING FROM GRUNCH'S OFFICE. LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE.
COO! COO! COO!
NOBODY HERE BUT THESE PIGEONS. GRUNCH MUST HAVE LEFT TOO.
HERE ARE HIS GLASSES AND MISS TWILBY'S. STRANGE. THEY BOTH SHOULD HAVE FORGOTTEN THEM TODAY. THEY'RE BOTH SO NEARSIGHTED!
THERE'S SOMETHING VERY PECULIAR ABOUT THIS!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! LET'S CHASE THESE BIRDS OUT AND GO HOME! SHOO! SHOO!
TWO NEARSIGHTED PEOPLE DISAPPEAR AND LEAVE THEIR GLASSES BEHIND. COINCIDENCE? PERHAPS. ON THE OTHER HAND, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN PIGEONS WEARING GLASSES?

Twilight Zone / The QUEEN IS DEAD-- LONG LIVE THE QUEEN

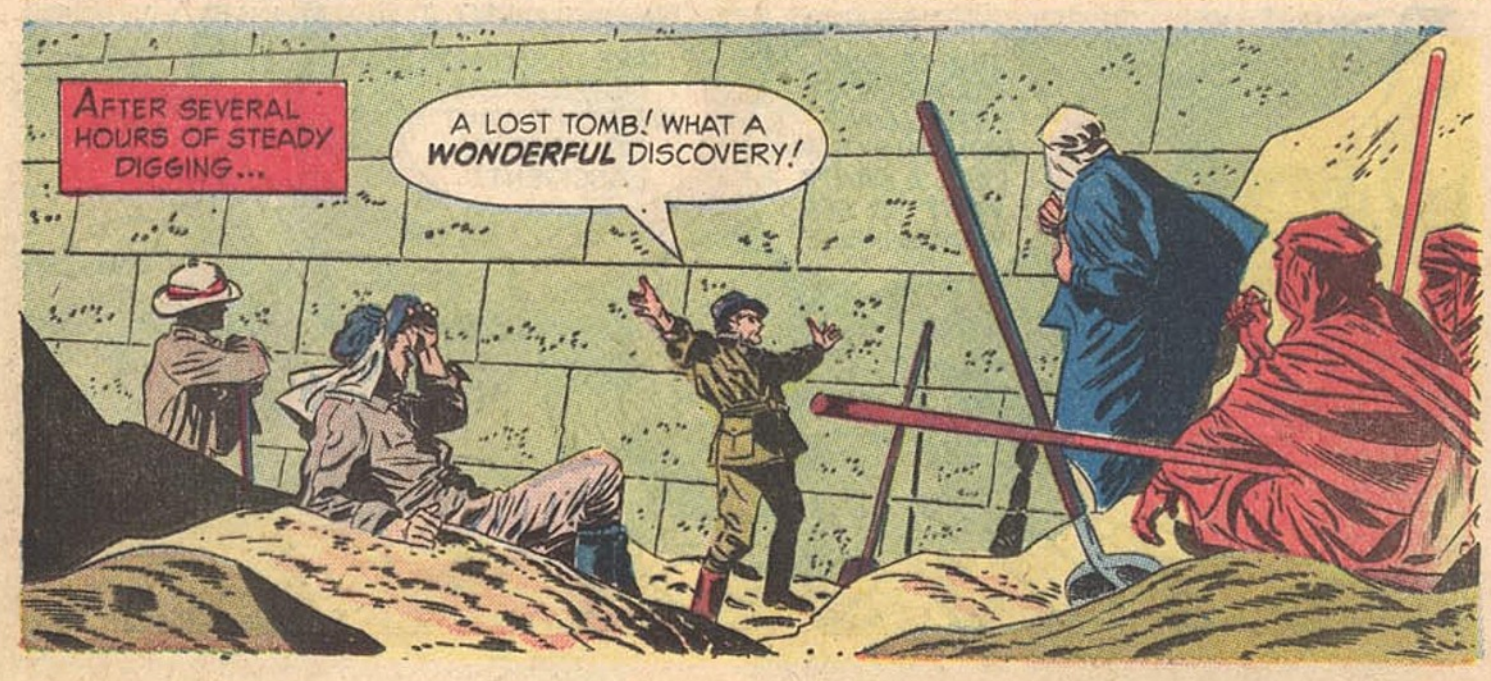
BENEATH THESE SHIFTING SANDS LIE MANY ANCIENT SECRETS! SOMETIMES, IT IS BETTER TO LET THEM REMAIN BURIED, AS PROFESSOR KRAG WILL SOON DISCOVER--IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE...
A SUDDEN SANDSTORM IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT THREATENS THE SMALL ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION OF PROFESSOR ANTON KRAG AND HIS TWO ASSISTANTS, JOHNSON AND MILLER...

WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THE DRIVERS TO GET THE CAMELS READY, LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS HILL.
GOOD IDEA!


AND AT THE WINDWARD SIDE OF THE HILL, WHICH CAUGHT THE FULL FORCE OF THE STORM.
LOOK! THE WIND HAS UNCOVERED SOME SORT OF STONE WALL!


JOHNSON, BRING THE DRIVERS BACK HERE WITH SHOVELS. LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE FOUND!

SOON, EVERY ONE IN THE PARTY IS BUSY.


AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF STEADY DIGGING...
A LOST TOMB! WHAT A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!

THERE MUST BE A WAY TO GET IN!
PATIENCE, MY BOY! I KNOW WE'LL FIND IT!

JOHNSON! MILLER! I'VE FOUND A LOOSE STONE! GET SOME CROWBARS!

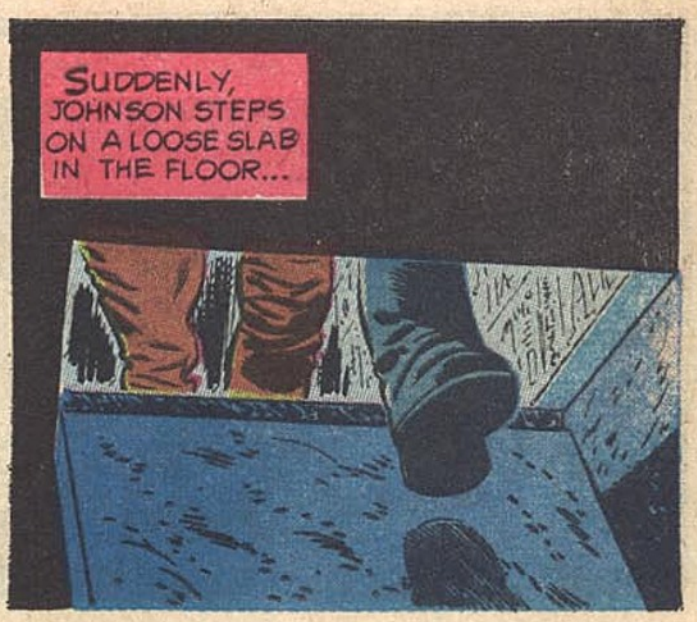
EASY! THAT'S IT! TRY NOT TO DAMAGE THE BLOCK!

AND FINALLY, THE OPERATION IS SUCCESSFUL...

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST THRILLING MOMENTS OF MY LIFE! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!
TAKE IT SLOWLY, PROFESSOR! WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT!

IN A SMALL ENTRY ROOM OF THE TOMB...
WE'RE PROBABLY THE FIRST PEOPLE TO SET FOOT IN HERE IN THOUSANDS OF YEARS! I WONDER WHO IS BURIED HERE?
OVER THERE, PROFESSOR! A CORRIDOR! LET'S TRY IT!

THIS MAY LEAD TO THE MAIN BURIAL VAULT!


SUDDENLY, JOHNSON STEPS ON A LOOSE SLAB IN THE FLOOR...

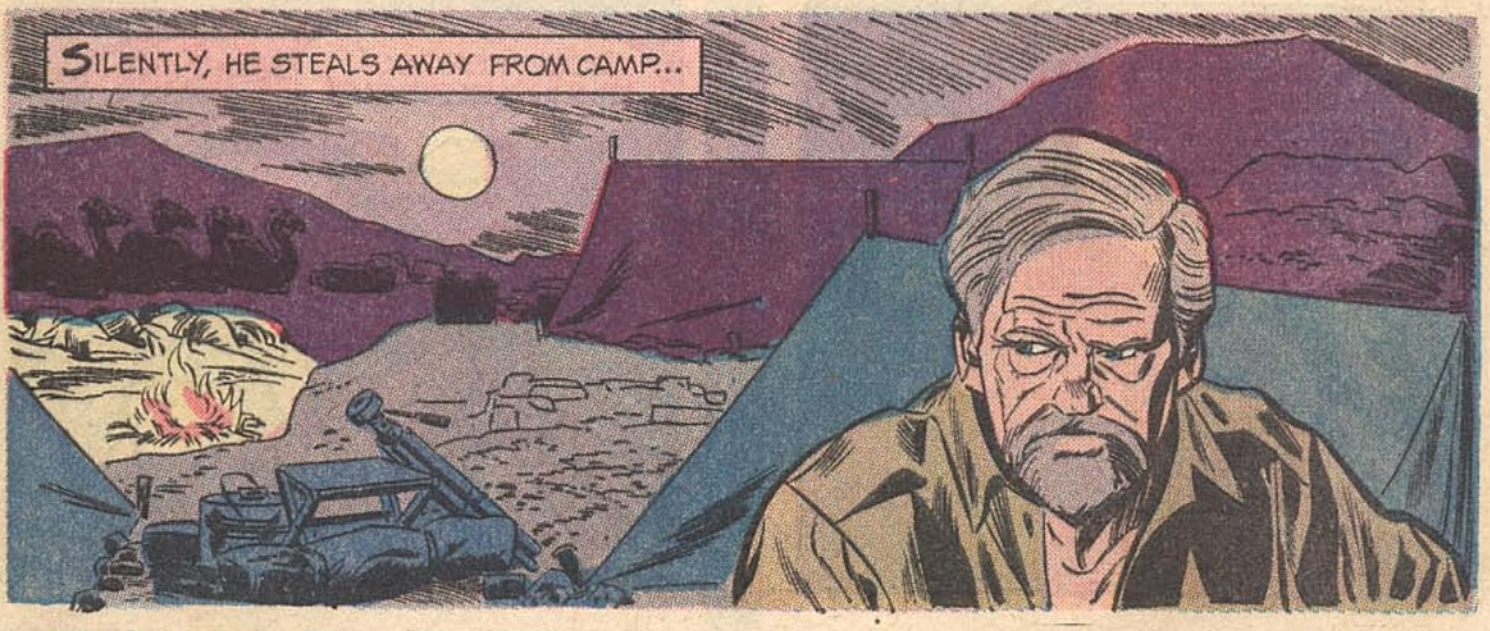
HEEELP!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JOHNSON?
I SEEM TO BE! JUST SHAKEN UP A LITTLE!
GRAB THE ROPE! I'LL PULL YOU UP!

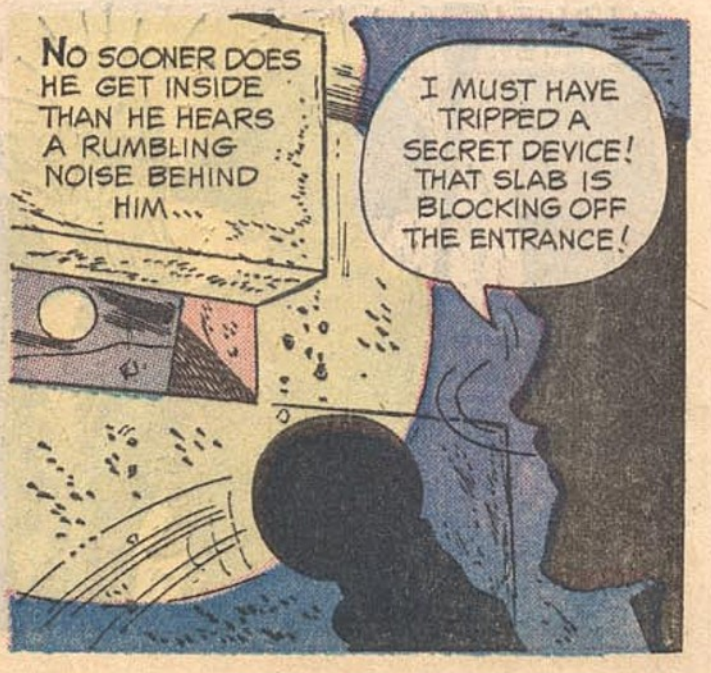
THAT PIT WAS MEANT TO DISCOURAGE GRAVE ROBBERS. THERE MAY BE OTHER TRAPS, SO WE'D BETTER BE MORE ALERT!
CAREFULLY, THEY EDGE AROUND THE YAWNING HOLE...
AT THE END OF THE NARROW PASSAGE, THEY FIND...
THIS IS REAL GOLD!
MAGNIFICENT WORK!
THIS IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FRIEZE I'VE EVER SEEN!
IT'S SO LIFE-LIKE! IF SHE COULD ONLY SPEAK!

IT HAS BEEN A LONG, EXCITING DAY, GENTLEMEN, AND SUDDENLY I'M VERY TIRED! LET'S GO BACK TO CAMP FOR SOME REST!

BUT THAT NIGHT, IN HIS TENT...
I CAN'T SLEEP! SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE URGING ME TO GO BACK TO THE TOMB!

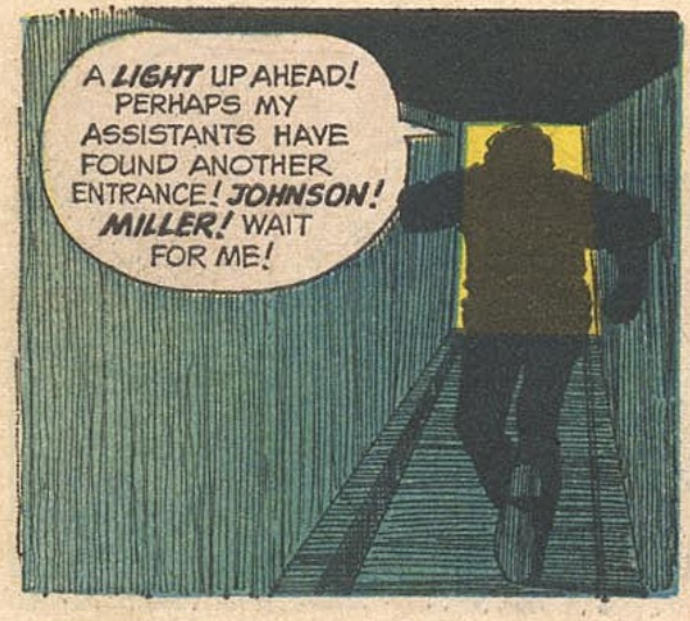

SILENTLY, HE STEALS AWAY FROM CAMP...

IT'S DANGEROUS TO BE DOING THIS ALONE, BUT I MUST TAKE A CHANCE!

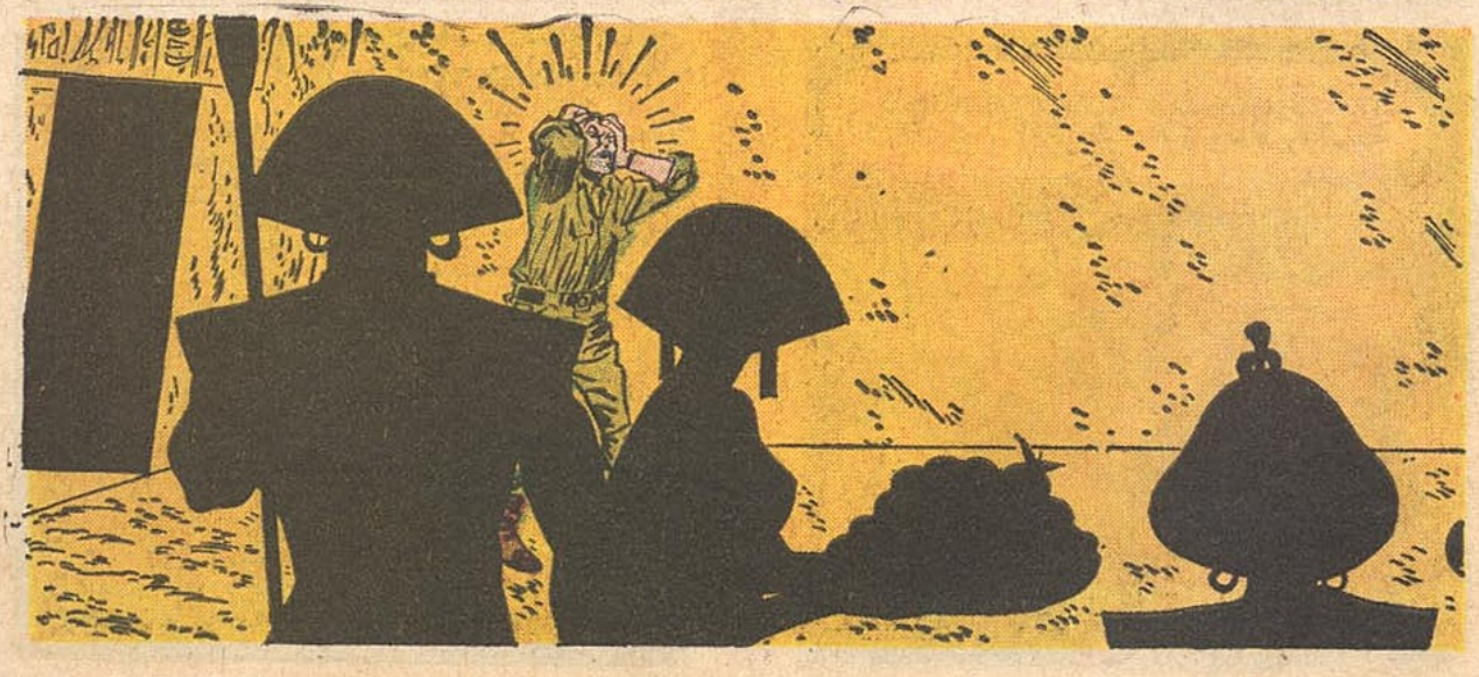

NO SOONER DOES HE GET INSIDE THAN HE HEARS A RUMBLING NOISE BEHIND HIM...
I MUST HAVE TRIPPED A SECRET DEVICE! THAT SLAB IS BLOCKING OFF THE ENTRANCE!

IT'S NO USE! I'M TRAPPED IN HERE UNLESS I CAN FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT!

AND AS PROFESSOR KRAG STARTS TO BYPASS THE PITFALL...
OH, NO! ANOTHER SLAB IS CLOSING OFF THE CORRIDOR BEHIND ME! SOMETHING OR SOMEONE IS FORCING ME DEEPER INTO THE TOMB!


A LIGHT UP AHEAD! PERHAPS MY ASSISTANTS HAVE FOUND ANOTHER ENTRANCE! JOHNSON! MILLER! WAIT FOR ME!

GOOD HEAVENS! THIS IS INCREDIBLE!



WELCOME, BEARDED ONE! WE HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU! I AM SIRAH, SECOND WIFE OF THE GREAT PHARAOH, RAMSES!
BUT THAT CAN'T BE! YOU'VE BEEN DEAD FOR 3000 YEARS! ALL OF YOU WERE JUST FIGURES ON THE WALL THIS AFTERNOON!
YES, OLD ONE, WE WERE. SEALED IN HERE FOR ETERNITY! BUT WHEN YOU OPENED THIS TOMB, YOU DISTURBED OUR FINAL SLEEP!
EITHER THIS IS A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE, OR I'VE GONE MAD! I MUST GET OUT OF HERE!
HA, HA, HA! RUN, GRAYBEARD! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
HOHOHO HAHAHAHA-
HAHAHAHA
BUT BEFORE HE CAN ESCAPE, ANOTHER STONE SLAB BEGINS TO SLIDE OVER THE EXIT!

I CAN'T... STOP IT... FROM CLOSING!
YOUR PUNY EFFORTS ARE FUTILE!-- GUARDS! SEIZE HIM AND BRING HIM HERE!
YOU HAVE ANGERED THE GODS BY BREAKING IN HERE! THE SENTENCE FOR TOMB ROBBERS IS DEATH!
BUT I AM NOT A ROBBER! I AM A SCIENTIST! I SEARCH FOR THINGS OF THE PAST SO MY PEOPLE CAN KNOW MORE ABOUT YOUR PEOPLE OF LONG AGO!
YOUR BABBLING AMUSES ME! BEFORE I DECIDE WHETHER TO GIVE YOU TO THE CAT OR THE JACKAL, I WILL HEAR MORE!
RROWWRR
BUT NOW, I WILL HAVE SOME REFRESHMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENT!

SINCE YOU HAVE MADE ALL THIS POSSIBLE, YOU TOO MAY EAT!

AND NOW FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT! DANCE EXTRA WELL FOR OUR SPECIAL GUEST!

TIME PASSES QUICKLY, AND SUDDENLY...
ENOUGH! OUR TIME HAS RUN OUT FOR TONIGHT! WE MUST GO BACK NOW. GUARDS, BRING THE BEARDED ONE ALONG!

PLEASE DON'T TAKE ME WITH YOU! LET ME GO BACK TO MY CAMP, AND I WILL CLOSE THE TOMB AND NEVER RETURN!
IT IS TOO LATE FOR THAT, OLD MAN! THE GODS SENT YOU. TO US TONIGHT, AND THEY MUST BE APPEASED!

SHORTLY AFTER SUNRISE...
DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO WAIT FOR PROFESSOR KRAG!
NO, HE PROBABLY NEEDS THE EXTRA SLEEP!
INSIDE THE ENTRY ROOM...
WHAT A LUCKY THING IT WAS THAT WE FOUND THIS UNOPENED TOMB!
THE PROFESSOR SHOULD BE VERY HAPPY! THIS WILL MAKE HIM FAMOUS!
I COULD HAVE SWORN THERE WAS ONE LESS FIGURE IN THIS PAINTING YESTERDAY!
MUST BE YOUR IMAGINATION! HOW COULD ANOTHER FIGURE HAVE GOTTEN ON THERE?
WHOEVER PAINTED THIS WAS A GENIUS! SEE HOW REAL EVERYONE LOOKS?
YES! SAY, HERE'S A FIGURE THAT LOOKS LIKE PROFESSOR KRAG! AND IT'S SO LIFELIKE, IT'S ALMOST AS IF IT WANTS TO TALK TO US!
PROFESSOR ANTON KRAG, MAN OF SCIENCE, WANTED TO EXPLORE THE PAST! NOW, HE IS TRAPPED THERE FOREVER-- IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE!

KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

ROADS and VEHICLES

NUMBER 6

The ROMAN ROAD

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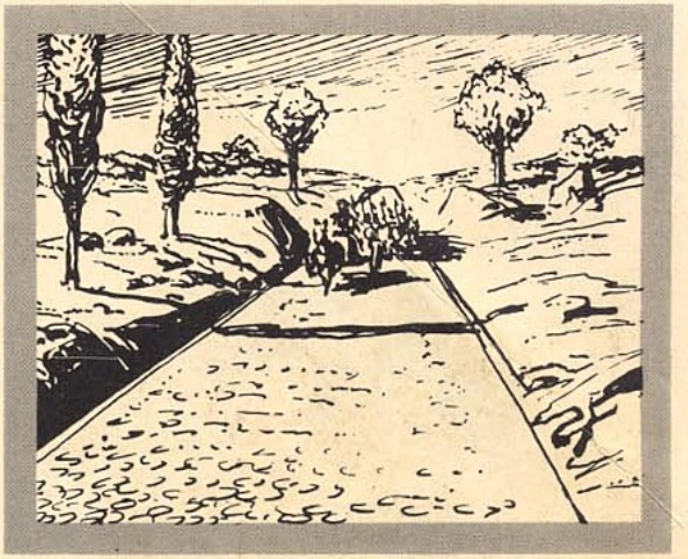
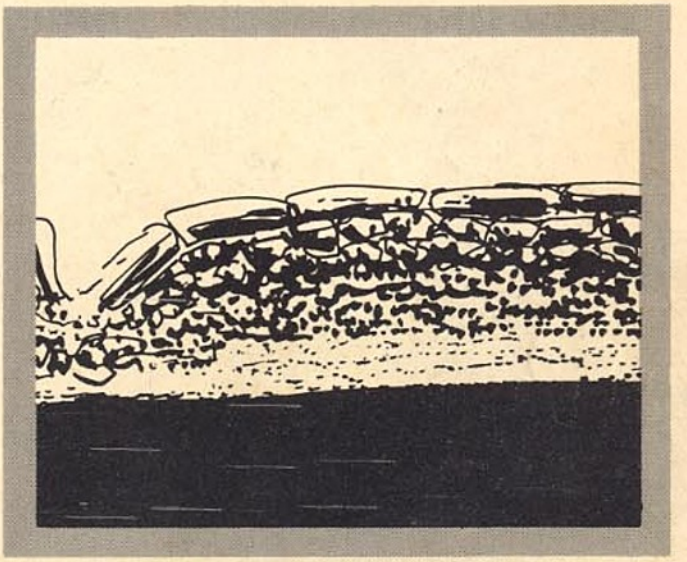
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



The Romans were the greatest road builders of ancient days. Stone roads enabled their legions to march to all parts of the empire.

Roman roads were laid in a straight line regardless of obstruction. Arched bridges of timber and masonry spanned the widest rivers.



This cross section of a Roman road shows its careful construction. The stone slabs provided a hard surface that lasted for centuries.

Post houses were set about ten miles apart. Travelers could rest and change their horses. Riders could easily average 100 miles a day.

The Appian Way, most famous of Roman Roads, led through southern Italy. It was so solidly built that many parts still exist today.

TWILIGHT ZONE PIN-UP NO. 3